

VOLUME XXV.

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VOLUME XXV.

# LIFE.

NUMBER 648.



MUSIC OF THE SPRING.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXV.

MAY 30, 1895.

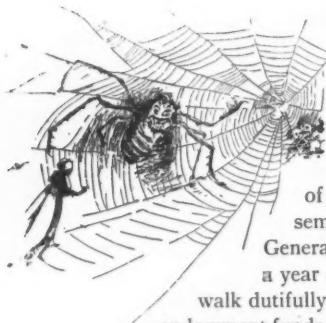
No. 648.

19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.00 a year, extra. Single copies, 10 cents. *Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.*

THE sentiment of the people of New York towards its late legislature is closely analogous to the sentiment of all judicious Americans toward the Fifty-third Congress. The Fifty-third Congress was Democratic and had a good Democratic President to work with. The late New York legislature was Republican and had a good Republican Governor to work with. The feeling as to congress and legislature is about the same, that neither body passed any good bill that it dared to neglect or neglected any bad bill that it dared to pass.

New York State is entitled to the services of better law-makers than those who have lately done her work at Albany. LIFE hopes that she may get them, but the assemblyman's job is neither lucrative nor attractive, and honest, able men who tackle it usually do so at a sacrifice. Perhaps it is more reasonable to hope that our state legislators may have a better boss, than that they may be better men. Men who do what they are told are useful when wisely instructed. But men who do what Platt tells them to—dear! dear! What hope of succor or direction can there be from them?



THE public may be pardoned if it permits itself to smile at the coy attitude of the Presbyterian theological seminaries toward the Presbyterian General Assembly. The Assembly a year ago invited the seminaries to walk dutifully into its parlor, and place their endowment funds under its control. The seminaries, with great unanimity, have expressed their content with present arrangements, and have resolved to

keep the control of their funds as hitherto. Whereat the profane public giggles, and surmises that the reading of the seminaries has not been so exclusively theological as not to include the familiar verses about the spider and the fly.

\* \* \*



SPAKING of his resignation from the Yale Athletic Committee, Mr. Walter Camp has said that he resigned because he thought he had done his share for football and was entitled to be a spectator and rest in peace for awhile. "I like the game," said Mr. Camp, "but I don't like quarrels." It seems to LIFE that this attitude of Mr. Camp is entitled to the respectful consideration of the public. For anyone who doesn't like quarrels, participation in plans for future intercollegiate football, and particularly for games between Yale and Harvard, must be a painful and harassing duty. After Harvard had, with great difficulty, got leave to play a gentle game with Yale this fall, her gain has been neutralized for the moment at least by Yale's demand for an apology for all aspersions by Harvard coaches of the past behavior of her Captain Hinkey, and by Harvard's refusal to comply with this demand. So it looks at this writing as if Harvard and Yale would not play next fall. Perhaps it will be as well if they don't, and if football between them lapses for a year or two until a better feeling about it has time to grow up in both colleges. Undergraduate resentment is short-lived. In a year or two all the men who played last year will have been graduated or have left college. Meanwhile folks can worry along if necessary without a Harvard-Yale game.

The only contemporary entity that seems to have derived any real enjoyment from anything connected with football since last fall, has been our neighbor, the *Evening Post*, and the *Post* has many other sources of gayety and does not need to have the game kept up on its account.

\* \* \*

ADMIRAL MEADE is a skilful person, and proficient in his art. He has tapped the administration very briskly on the nose and made the President and the Navy Department very angry, and that, to a person of his temperament, must be a source of lively satisfaction. Good-bye, Admiral Meade. If, as you have said, you would presently have been the ranking officer in the navy, it is perhaps as well that you should go now. Discretion is necessary to a commander as valor, and your discretion is a very doubtful quantity. Injustice has been done to you, but it has all been done by yourself—a grave injustice to an officer of your reputation and your record.



## OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

LIFE would like to notify his readers delicately, yet to some purpose, that it is not necessary to wait until the hot weather is upon us before sending their contributions to this fund.

The more we have in hand the more we can accomplish when the moment arrives.



A WASH DRAWING.

## FORTY YEARS AFTER.

WE climbed to the top of Goat Point hill,  
Sweet Kitty, my sweetheart, and I ;  
And watched the moon make stars on the waves,  
And the dim white ships go by,  
While a throne we made on a rough stone wall,  
And the king and the queen were we ;  
And I sat with my arm about Kitty,  
And she with her arm about me.

The water was mad in the moonlight,  
And the sand like gold where it shone,  
And our hearts kept time to its music,  
As we sat in that splendor alone.  
And Kitty's dear eyes twinkled brightly,  
And Kitty's brown hair blew so free,  
While I sat with my arm about Kitty,  
And she with her arm about me.

Last night we drove in our carriage,  
To the wall at the top of the hill ;  
And though we're forty years older,  
We're children and sweethearts still.  
And we talked again of that moonlight,  
That danced so mad on the sea,  
When I sat with my arm about Kitty,  
And she with her arm about me.

The throne on the wall was still standing,  
But we sat in the carriage last night ;  
For a wall is too high for old people  
Whose foreheads have linings of white.  
And Kitty's waist measure is forty,  
While mine is full fifty and three ;  
So I can't get my arm about Kitty,  
Nor can she get both hers about me.

H. H. Porter.



JUST "IT."

## THE SEA FARERS.

THESE tales should be read on shipboard, singly, one every day on fast steamers; on slow steamers one every other day; and they are cordially dedicated to the friends of LIFE who are crossing the ocean :

## THE FIRST DAY'S TALE.

The footsteps are not known of all the little ships that walk upon the sea.

There was a vessel at the dock.

It was smaller than yours, and had never been allowed to go to sea, for its owners were afraid it would take cold if it got its feet wet.

One day when no one was looking it pulled on its rubber boots and started out. It was in such a hurry to run away that it started without its captain, or its crew, or its cargo, or its passengers. And it went so fast that it distanced all the boats at anchor in the harbor.

When it reached the sea a big wave slapped it on the nose and told it to go home, for the sea was very busy and not in a mood to be troubled by little folk.

But the vessel said that it was going somewhere, and it fought its way determinedly. And it went safely through the sea and made the port it started for, just as your vessel will do. But exactly what port it started for no one can learn, since no one saw it start, and the footsteps are not known of all the little ships that walk upon the sea.

## THE SECOND DAY'S TALE.

This will serve to explain the first day's tale, which may have seemed obscure.

A sea captain whose vessel had gone when no one was looking, started after it and was cast away on an inhabited island. It was fortunate for him that he was without his ship, for if he had been aboard and anything had happened he would have gone down with it, because, although he was smaller than your captain, he was just as brave a man.

When the inhabitants saw him they set him to building a ship. But it was not a ship for him to go away in. The island industry consisted in building this ship, which the islanders cut off by the yard and sold to all the nations of the world. Castaways upon the island were not allowed to leave for fear they would take the secret with them, and build a ship by the yard in competition on other islands.

One night the captain escaped. The inhabitants had fifteen yards of ship all ready to cut off for an Australian trader. The captain cut this off and put out in it to sea.

He had handled almost every kind of a boat, and yet he said he never found a ship so hard to handle as this was. It was harder to handle than your ship. As soon as he got away from shore he was safe from pursuit, for the inhabitants would have to build several yards of ship with which to start out after him, and that would take them a long time.

Soon the captain noticed that the sea was coming in at the ends where the ship had been cut off, just as it might come into your ship if





"WHY ARE YOU TAKING ALL THOSE PHOTOGRAPHS OF MEN TO THE COUNTRY?"  
"I DON'T WANT TO FORGET HOW A MAN LOOKS."

the ends were cut off. But he was a very brave and determined captain, so he dipped the water out as fast as it came in, just as your captain would do under similar circumstances, and sailed safely to the port he chose, and he was so honorable that he never built ships by the yard in competition with the island industry. And if you understand this tale, the first day's tale will no longer seem obscure.

#### THE THIRD DAY'S TALE.

This is intended to explain how the captain in the second day's tale came to be without a crew.

A good crew was booked to ship on a certain day. It was so well drilled that, although the vessel had gone when no one was looking, and the captain had started after it and had been cast away on an inhabited island, the crew preferred to start according to schedule time, just as your crew would do under similar circumstances. They found the passage rough and the sea was very cold, but when their line of travel crossed that of a foreign steamship company, and a foreign steamship sighted them and sent out life-boats to pick them up, they were very much offended. They said it amounted to capture and they would make an international grievance of it, for they had not been flying signals of distress. But the foreign steamship insisted on taking them thousands of miles out of their course, and, although they were so well drilled, it seemed to take them a long while to get back, and they could only make a few knots at a time, for every now and then they were

sighted and picked up and taken in contrary directions until they had so far to travel that they grew rheumatic on the way.

They were a smaller crew than your crew, but they were just as good, and so they persevered. And finally they reached the port they were booked for, just as your crew would have reached it, and if you understand how they traveled you will understand the preceding tales.

#### THE FOURTH DAY'S TALE.

If any light is needed on the tales which you have already read, let this serve as a candle.

A valuable cargo which was composed of good wishes started out from port. It was a smaller cargo of good wishes than that which your ship carries, but it was already heavily insured by the underwriters, for it was obliged to start without a ship, without a captain, and without a crew. But it was so sincere in its purpose that the kindly air wafted it forward, just as it would have wafted your cargo of good wishes under similar circumstances.

The good wishes would have had a favorable passage among the trade winds, except that the piratic spirits of the air heard what a valuable cargo was on its way unguarded, and tried to seize it. The good wishes argued it out with the piratic spirits.

"It is true that we are very valuable," they said, "and we seem ethereal and suited to the use of spirits like yourselves. But you would find us very heavy on your hands. It is not that we would have ill will



## THE WONDERS OF AMERICA.

DRUID ROCK IN BROOKLYN, N. Y.

for you, but we would interfere with the piratic business constantly. It grieves us to be incompatible, but we feel sure that we could not serve you in any way so truly as by bidding you farewell." And while the piratic spirits were weighing what had been said, the good wishes smiled kindly and wafted themselves away.

This matter delayed them for thirty-seven seconds, but they urged the air to hasten a little, just as your good wishes would do under similar circumstances, and they made up time before they reached the port:

And if the candle is burning still, extinguish it, for the tale which is to follow will surely make everything plain.

## THE FIFTH DAY'S TALE.

This should be read in sight of port. If there should be no port in sight, lay it aside until there is.

A company of jolly passengers engaged passage on a certain ship. But when they went down to pass the night on board the vessel, it had already gone when no one was looking, and the captain had started after it and had been cast away on an inhabited island, but the agent said that as the crew and cargo had decided to start independently on schedule time, the passengers were free to consider their tickets good.

They were a smaller company of passengers than you are, but they were just as jolly, and so, as you would have done under similar circumstances, they fell to spinning yarns to make the time pass pleasantly, till all at once they found the yarns had grown so long that they stretched across the sea, just as these yarns have done—and so they passed across and when they reached the port to which their tickets were good, they found that they had arrived at the same moment with their vessel, their captain and their crew—just as you are arriving—and the good wishes, which had made better time than the ship or the captain or the crew or the passengers, were waiting to greet them, just as our good wishes are waiting to greet you.

And if these tales have passed a little of the time pleasantly, then you understand them all.

*Marguerite Tracy.*



## IS INTELLECT A CURSE?

A BOOK of considerable power and undoubtedly originality is "The Curse of Intellect," (Roberts Bros.) published anonymously, but reported to be by the daughter of Lord Salisbury. It is a trying comparison—but this story forcibly reminds one of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Here is the same attempt by a strange device to separate the personality of a man into its opposing parts. Then each part of the personality is pushed to its logical and astounding conclusion.

In "The Curse of Intellect" the problem is not to divide a personality into one part wholly good and another wholly bad, but to slowly transfer the soul from a man by his own volition to a beast.

The curious device is adopted of having the man in the story (who is an Oxford graduate of unusual ability) spend twenty-four years in educating a huge monkey to be his intellectual companion. At the end of that period the strange pair appear in London society, and by wealth and ingenuity become the rage.

The bald statement of this plot sounds like the wildest farce; any one would say that here is a situation that can only be treated with broad humor. Instead of that there is hardly a gleam of humor in the book; it is biting sarcasm from end to end.

It requires no small ability in the writing way to create the illusion from the first that the situation is not impossible.



THE WONDERS OF AMERICA.  
A FETE IN WYOMING.

The author is tremendously in earnest, and deals with moral problems of such intensity that the reader forgets to laugh, and listens with a certain sense of uncanniness. This monkey is no more amusing than Poe's monkey of the "Murders of the Rue Morgue."

\* \* \*

THE problem that the man, Power, set for himself in his strange experiment, was to arrive at "a new standpoint of criticism." He says early in his career, "I should like to know from some independent source what I really am."

After more than twenty years of the experiment the conclusion of the whole matter is as follows:

The Beast says: "Man without reason was probably as pure and happy an animal as a monkey. Intellect in man was a curse." And he arraigns the man for ever putting into him such a terrible thing as a soul.

The Man's verdict is that in losing his soul he has lost the power of human affection. Nothing in the world is worth while, nothing is left to live for.

The attitude of the author is evidently shown in the last paragraph, which expresses profound pity for the Beast "with power of reflection suddenly born in him, full, from reading, of belief in man's God-like greatness, to be confronted suddenly with the human beast as he is!"

For the author the whole spectacle of the world is but "a stinking slough of selfish, dirt-bespattered, dirt-bespattering creatures."

This is the final flower of modern pessimism—to curse the instrument of reason that has raised man to be a little lower than the angels, and to covet in its stead the happiness of instinct that belongs to the beast of the field.

The book as a whole is a most depressing piece of allegory, written with a certain force that compels unwilling attention.

*Droch.*

#### ERRING.

**S**TUDENT (*translating*): And—er—then—er—er—er  
—went—er—and—er.

**PROFESSOR:** Don't laugh, gentlemen, to err is human.

## BETTER STILL.

WITHIN her home soft tints abound  
In blessed harmony,  
Luxurious chairs are scattered round,  
And books one loves to see.

Pictures and rugs that never tire;

An air that's pure, refined,

All that the heart may well desire  
Within her home I find.

And so I ponder hour by hour

The problem, Which is right?

How can I pluck this sunlit flower  
And take it from the light?

I think of my own humble cot,

Sweet girl! She does not know

How much she'll miss the dear old  
spot

When she has left it. No!

This sacrifice she shall not make!

Although she may prefer

In innocence this step to take,

I'd rather live with her.

Tom Masson.

## NOT HAPPILY EXPRESSED.

NEW OFFICE BOY: A man called here to thrash you a few minutes ago.

EDITOR: What did you say to him?

"I told him I was sorry you weren't in."

FATHER: Tommy, stop pulling that cat's tail.

TOMMY: I'm only holding the tail, the cat's pulling it.

WYLD: Can't you over-come your thirst for rum?

TRAMP: Yes, sir, with a dime.



"DON'T YOU THINK THAT WAS A MARRIAGE FOR LUCRE, BISHOP?"

"HUMPH. I THOUGHT SO WHEN I PERFORMED THE CEREMONY, BUT I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY OF THE MONEY YET."

## WOULD TAKE HIM IN.

HE: I wonder what I'd do if I had a million?

THE WIDOW: I know.

"What?"

"Marry me."

HE: I've been watching for a chance to

kiss you for the last ten minutes.

SHE: You must be near-sighted.

WIFE: How sweetly the baby sleeps.

HUSBAND: Yes. The poor fellow, he doesn't know I've come home.



DEVELOPING A NEGATIVE.



MINERVA.



MINERVA.

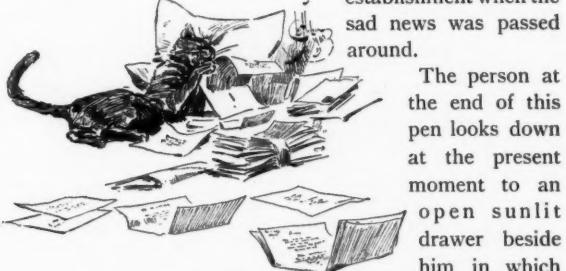
FOR nearly three years visitors to LIFE's offices have had the pleasure of admiring an exceptionally handsome cat. A favored few have stroked her, and even some have been rubbed against. She was haughty and sometimes distant in manner, and there were many who felt that Minerva had a cold heart, but to us who knew her intimately she was not without affection.

It is safe to say that in this office she was the only being whose

authority was unquestioned, and who was always and under all conditions treated with respect.

Last Thursday morning when the doors were unlocked no cat came forward with friendly greeting. As the hours wore on and still she made no appearance, a search was instituted. In a store-room on the lower floor our unfortunate friend was finally discovered, where she had fallen between two radiators, helpless and immovable. Life was extinct.

She is already missed, and there were moist eyes in this establishment when the sad news was passed around.



Minerva was wont to curl up among proofs of drawings and insist upon a morning nap. When the demands of editorial work required the space she occupied she was carefully lifted out and placed upon the floor, but it was a breach of etiquette that was always resented, amiably however and without bloodshed, and she invariably returned as soon as the editorial hands were removed from the drawer.

In other departments she was still more at home.

There was a lofty air of proprietorship about Minerva that brought a mild embarrassment to timid visitors.

She was a good cat, and we wish her endless joy and prosperity in the happy hunting grounds for which she so suddenly departed.

#### A WISH.

ALBERTA: I do wish it were not the custom to wear the engagement ring only on the third finger of one's left hand.

ALETHEA: So do I. I can't get more than half my engagement rings on at one time now.

THE POET: Have you read my last poem?  
SHE: No. Only your first.



"WHO'S HE, BILL?"

"I DUNNO. I NEVER SEE HIM AFORE!"

"WELL, LET'S SLUG HIM, ANYHOW, OR ELSE HE'LL BE PUTTIN' ON AIRS."

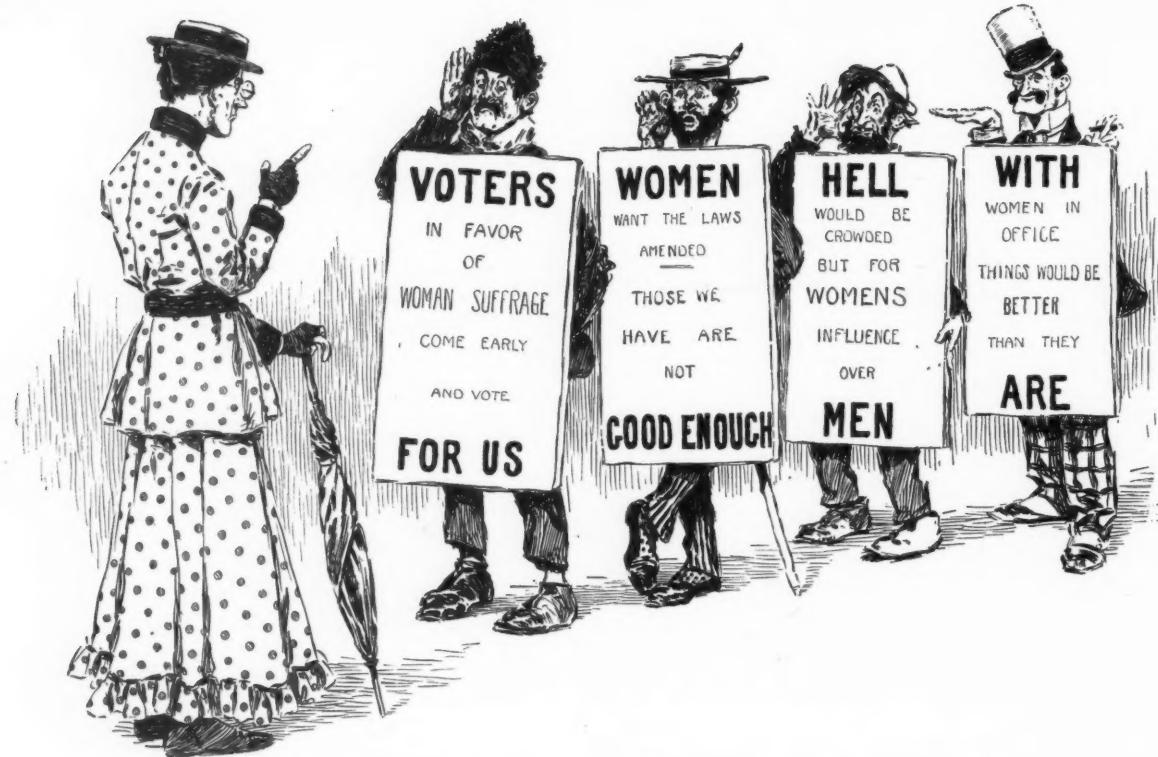


• LIFE •





AN ANXIOUS MOMENT WITH A RUNAWAY.



SHE WAS AN ENERGETIC WOMAN, BUT THE MATERIAL WITH WHICH SHE HAD TO WORK

## THE DARK SIDE OF FAME.



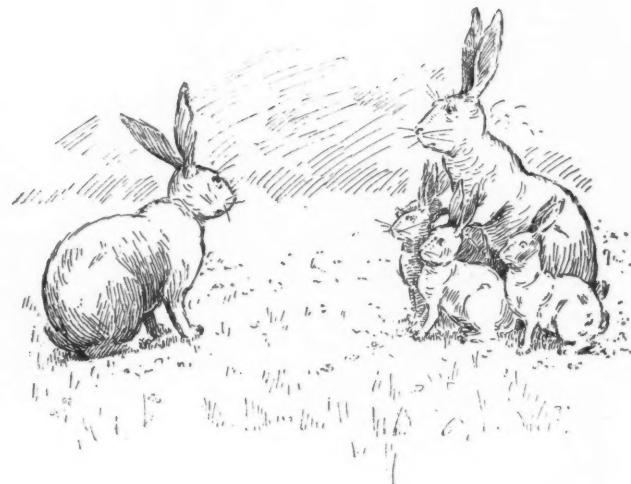
MR. REGINALD DE KOVEN, the composer of Robin Hood, Rob Roy, and some other things of unquestioned merit, is now discovering the cumulative properties of injustice. There seems to be an impression in the community that this gentleman is largely indebted to previous composers for those portions of his work which have brought him the greatest glory. This in itself is a sufficiently unfortunate

tag to have dangling from one's reputation, but the most heart-rending feature of the case is the alacrity with which he is given the fullest credit for his failures.

This is manifestly unjust, as the dullest and most commonplace passages are as likely to be "borrowed" as the most brilliant ones, only they happen to be less familiar.

Perhaps Mr. de Koven's greatest error was in not appearing upon the scene a few centuries sooner.

**H**OW long should a widow wear mourning?"  
"That depends. A woman who looks best in black should wear it until she is engaged again."



"HELLO, BUNNY! ARE YOU MOVING THIS SPRING?"

"YES. THE NEIGHBORHOOD IS BECOMING ALTOGETHER TO PROMISCUGUS. LAST WEEK A GROUND-HOG MOVED IN ON OUR RIGHT, AND YESTERDAY A SKUNK MOVED IN NEXT DOOR ON OUR LEFT. I CANNOT HAVE THE CHILDREN ASSOCIATE WITH ANIMALS OF THAT CLASS."



WAS DISAPPOINTING.

FOR WHICH?

THE woods where the squirrels chatter ;  
The woods where the red deer run ;  
The woods where the rabbits scatter,  
At sound of the hunter's gun ;  
Where the cool fresh wind comes stealing,  
And the crisp and brown leaves lie,  
And the gaunt trees stand revealing  
A glimpse of God's blue sky.

Or the office dim and musty,  
On a noisy, narrow street,  
Where the foul air is dusty,  
And the buildings almost meet.  
To slave ; to rise or blunder ;  
To stick at a sordid trade ;—  
Ah, *which* is the life, I wonder,  
For which a man was made ?

PETE'S MISTAKE.

HE was the owner's nephew, and when he came to the ranch "to learn something about raising cows, you know," he was unanimously nicknamed "The Kid." Shortly after his arrival he came over to the kitchen one morning while the boys were at breakfast and sought Pete, the cook, in dismay.

"I say, Pete, have you seen anything of my camphorated chalk ?"  
"Your—how much ?"  
"My camphorated—my tooth powder."  
"What might it look like, Kid ?"  
"It's a white powder in a little round tin, and—"  
"Well, I'll be durned ! Say, were that teeth powder ? Why I asks yer pardon, Kid, but I thougt 'twas bakin' powder and used it in ther biscuits !"



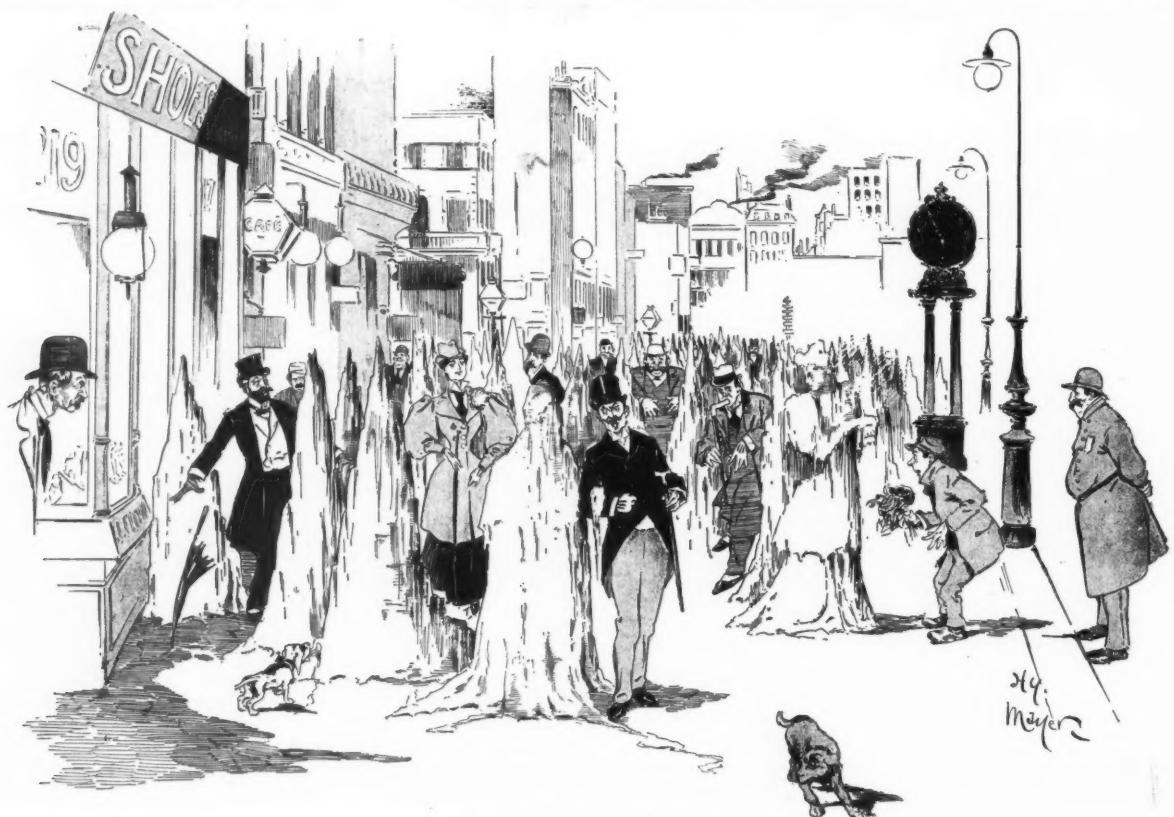
SHE HAD STUDIED FRENCH.

"HAVE YOU ANY BON-VIVANT THIS MORNING ?"  
"BONED WHAT, MUM ?"  
"BON-VIVANT. WHY THAT'S FRENCH FOR 'GOOD LIVER !'"



From *The Sketch*.

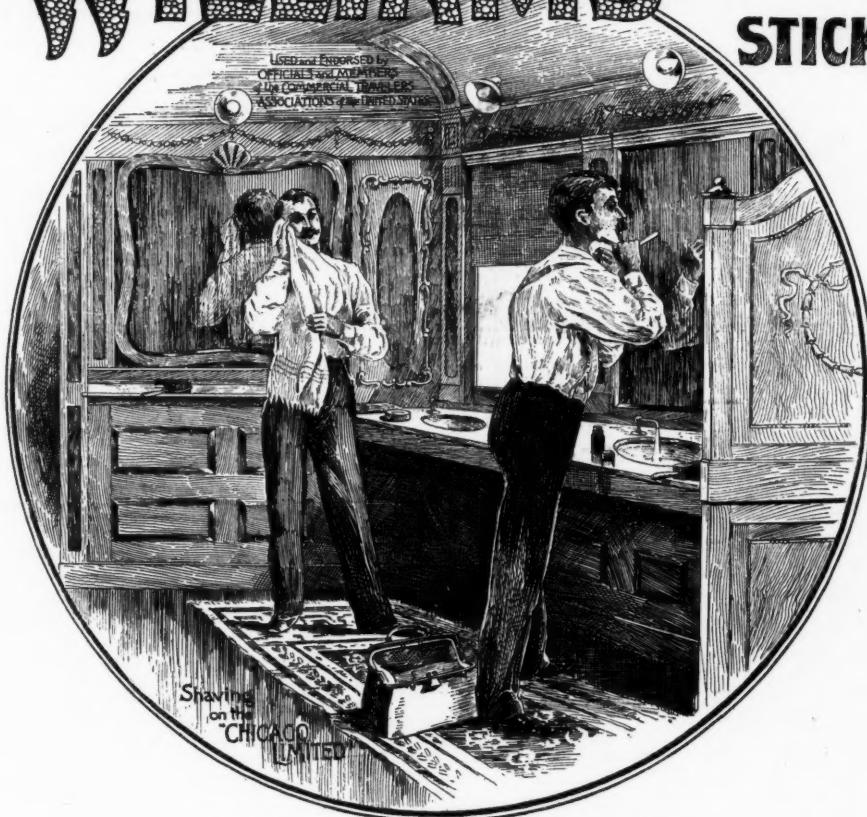
*Mrs. Rafferty (to Lady Missionary, who has been admonishing her for the use of strong language): WELL, MUM, I CURSE AND SWEAR, AND YOU PREACH AND PRAY, BUT DIVIL A ONE OF US MAKES MUCH BY IT!*



AN AMERICAN STREET.

WHEN ALL WOMEN WHO TURN SHALL SUFFER AS LOT'S WIFE.

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**WILLIAMS' SOAPS**—in three



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Oldest and most famous cake of shaving soap in the world. Millions using it.

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Strong, metal-lined case. For Tourists' and Travelers' use. Don't fail to ask for WILLIAMS'—and take no other.

**The Case**—(patented) is a great favorite. The glove-fitting cover never comes off except when taken off. Case never breaks—never leaks. No loose piece of soap rolling about in your satchel.

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principal forms—are sold by all Dealers.



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London Office: 64 GREAT RUSSELL ST., W. C.



BACK in the North Carolina mountains the student of custom may still find material for research. The most unique are the kissing games, which cling to the soil. A lot of big limbed, powerful young men and apple cheeked, buxom girls gather and select one of their number as master of ceremonies. He takes his station in the center of the room, while the rest pair off and parade around him. Suddenly one young woman will throw up her hands and say :

"I'm a-pinin."

The master of ceremonies takes it up and the following dialogue and interlocution take place :

"Miss Arabella Jane Aphrop says she a-pinin. What is Miss Arabella Jane Aphrop a-pinin fur?"

"I'm a-pinin fur a sweet kiss."

"Miss Arabella Jane Aphrop says she's a-pinin fur a sweet kiss. Who is Miss Arabella Jane Aphrop a-pinin fur a sweet kiss from?"

"I'm a-pinin fur a very sweet kiss from Mr. Hugh Waddle." (Blushes, convulsive giggles and confusion on the part of Miss Arabella Jane Aphrop at this forced confession.) Mr. Hugh Waddle walks up manfully and relieves the fair Arabella's "pinin" by a smack which

sounds like a 3-year-old steer drawing his hoof out of the mud.

Then a young man will be taken with a sudden and unaccountable "pinin," which, after the usual exchange of questions and volunteered information, reveals the name of the maiden who causes the "gnawin" and "pinin." She coyly retreats outdoors only to be chased, overtaken, captured and forcibly compelled to relieve her captor's distress.

At one of these entertainments there was a remarkably beautiful young woman who had been married about a month. Her husband was present, a huge, beetle browed, black eyed young mountaineer, with a fist like a ham. The boys fought shy of the bride for fear of incurring the anger of her hulking spouse. The game went on for some time, when symptoms of irritation developed in the giant. Striding to the middle of the room, he said :

"My wife ez pootty, 'n ez nice 'n sweet ez any gurl hyar. You uns has known her all her life. This game hez been a-going' on half an hour, an nobody has pined fur her. Pootty soon thar will be trouble."

She was the belle of the ball after that. Everybody "pined" for her.—*Texas Sifters*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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Give the thin baby Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites.

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BY  
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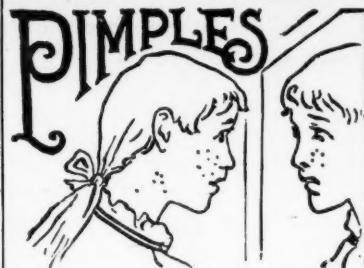


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"You are right in it," remarked the whale to Jonat.

"You bet I am in it," was the answer. "And what is more, if I am not out of it in less than a week I will give you the biggest case of appendicitis on record."

The sequel is history.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

HE: Miss Gadley really doesn't look a day older than she did six years ago.

SHE: According to her statistics she isn't a day older.—*Exchange*.

THE TOUCHER (with pride): My word is just as good as my note any day.

THE UNTOUCHED (grimly): Yes, that's what's the trouble with your notes.—*Ex.*

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A PROMINENT merchant of this city who has a country seat near Bristol began some time ago to raise fine breeds of chickens. Plymouth Rocks and the like. He was very successful, and his henneries are the admiration of the entire countryside. A short time ago a carpenter who lived in the neighborhood, and who had done considerable work for the owner of the farm, asked him for the loan of one of his best setting hens. "I've got about a dozen eggs," the carpenter said, "and I want to hatch them. If you will lend me the hen I will be very careful of her."

The hen was very generously loaned, and the owner forgot all about her until nearly a month later. Then he went to the manager of his farm and asked if the hen had been returned.

"You don't mean to tell me that you loaned a hen to that man?"

"Yes," said the proprietor, "he said he wanted to set her on a dozen eggs she had."

"Well, you'll never get her back."

"Why?"

"Because I happen to know that he stole from you the eggs he put under the borrowed hen."—*Philadelphia Record*.

A YOUNG Chicago drummer was taking a vacation with his uncle in the country, and was suddenly called upon to ask the blessing, and not being accustomed to it he promptly tackled the difficulty in the following style: "We acknowledge the receipt of your favor of this date. Allow us to express our gratitude for this expression of good will. Trusting that our house may merit your confidence, and that we may have many good orders from you this fall, we are, yours truly, amen." The old man will say grace hereafter.—*Sea Coast Echo*.

"SIRRAH," remarked the Sultan, "my first wife and I are one." The court mathematician bowed low in affirmation. "Well," proceeded his majesty, "how about me and my second wife?"

"You are another," promptly rejoined the man of science. Whereat divers high functionaries made shift to leave the apartment, not deeming it good politics to give their puissant sovereign the ha-ha to his face.—*Detroit Tribune*.

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WOMAN: That rocking-chair you sold me is a fraud.

SECOND-HAND DEALER: How's dot?

"The rockers are not even and, as you rock, it keeps moving sideways all over the room."

"Mein cracious! I have made a meestake, und sent you von new patent rocker warranted nod to wear oude carpet all in von place. Dot kind costs \$2 more."

"Huh! Well, it's your mistake, and I won't pay the \$2, and I won't send it back—so there."—*New York Weekly*.

Life is a battle with uncleanness, thrice armed for the fight are they who use

S-a-n-a-d-o-r Skin Soap.

VOICE (at the head of the stairs): George have you been drinking?

GEORGE: No'm.

VOICE: Say chrysanthemum.

GEORGE (silent for a moment): I'm drunkish, m'dear?—*Syracuse Post*.

Natural domestic Champagnes are now very popular. A fine brand called "Golden Age" is attracting attention.

THE CALLER: I'm all mixed up as to what to do.

HOSTESS: What about?

CALLER: I've got to get tea and a butter-dish, and I don't know whether to get the tea where they give away butter dishes or the butter-dish where they give away tea."—*Traveller's Record*.

PERDITA: If you continue much longer to play poker with my father I won't marry you.

JACK DASHING: If your father continues to play poker much longer with me I won't need to.—*Princeton Tiger*.

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(Spring No. 2.)

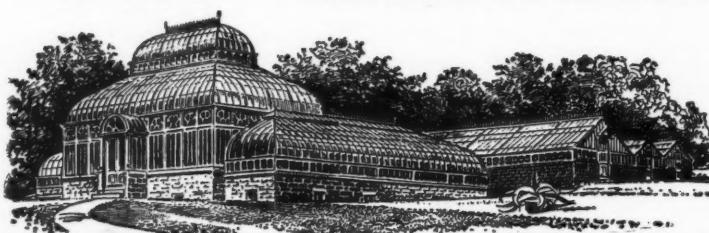
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Its Value in Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, the Gouty Diathesis, &c.

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